A Last Hurrah

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Relationships: Beverly Marsh & Ben Hanscom, Bill Denbrough & Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris, Bill Denbrough & Richie Tozier, But many are hinted and I'll leave it up to interpretation, Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Mike Hanlon & Stanley Uris, Okay basically the story doesn't have official pairings
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Summary:

The summer before their Senior Year, the Loser's Club all decide to go on a cross-country roadtrip as a finale to their summers together, seeing as how everyone will be busy with college after graduation.

Crammed into Mike's truck and speeding down the highway, the Losers decide to go all out with this trip and make sure it's one to remember, no matter the cost.

Godspeed.

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Author's Note:

> Hey everyone! I've, obviously, become obsessed with the new adaptation of Stephen King's IT. The cast was phenomenal and I figured why not give the Loser's Club a modern AU fic where they're all happy and safe together?
>
> Now, for this story, just to get rid of bias, I'm not going to have any established relationships, although I will give hints of some here and there, which I will leave up to your interpretation.
>
> This first chapter is mainly an introduction and I promise future chapters will contain more content and antics.
>
> Hope you all enjoy!

Bill and the rest of the Losers stared at the rusting pile of *something* that was Mike's truck.

Richie, of course, was the first to break the silence. "Yeah, I'm not fucking setting foot in that deathtrap."

Mike pursed his lips, a tad offended. But once he reminded himself that it was *Richie*, he was okay again. "I'm sorry, guys, but seeing as how I'm the only one here with a vehicle of my own, it's our only option."

"Or we could go by wagon, since that's just as fucking *old-* "

"Shut up, Richie," Stan immediately said, already sick of his trashmouth. It's been ten minutes.

Rolling her eyes, Beverly cleared her throat. "I understand, Mike," she said, kind as usual. "But… can that even fit all of us?"

Mike bit his lip. "Uh, well… The front and back row both seat three

people and it's spacious for a truck-"

"But we have seven," Ben piped from where he stood beside Beverly. "We're one seat short."

"Maybe someone can just sit in someone's lap or lay on the floor?" Beverly said, half-joking, half-not.

"Do you know how *dangerous* that is?!" Eddie blurted. "What if we get pulled over?! O-or we get in a nasty wreck and that person goes *flying* through the windshield-"

"I volunteer Richie," Stan blurted, earning 'the bird' from the mentioned boy.

"I volunteer Stanley, then," Four-Eyes chimed, pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose.

Bill cut in, speaking up for the first time since they all met up. "G-guys, if w-we're going to be s-stuck in the same car for a cross-country r-r-road trip, then m-maybe we shouldn't argue and actually try to f-figure something out."

"I agree," Bev hummed with a small smirk. "I'm more than ready to get this trip on the road; sooner than later, please."

"So… who's the odd man out, then?" Ben asked, a little nervous as to what the answer would be.

Silence filled the air, seeing as how *no one* wanted to sit on the floor and whatnot.

After a moment, Eddie spoke up, surprising everyone.

"Richie can just, ya know, sit on my lap," he coughed. "Only because I don't want to be unbuckled."

Silence, once again, reared its ugly head.

"...okay, it's settled!" Stan exclaimed suddenly, clapping his hands with a too-cheerful smile on his face. "Richie's unbuckled. Shall we get going, then? We're burning daylight."

“Fine, but on one condition, ol’ chaps.” Richie grinned wickedly, continuing his imitation accent. “I get to rotate laps throughout the trip.”

Stan went to argue, but Bill cut him off. “F-Fine. Sure, whatever. Let’s just pack up and go b-before Eddie’s mom changes h-her mind about letting him g-g-go.”

Eddie snorted. Bill *knew*.

Mike gave a small chuckle, feeling a little bit better about his truck. “You guys can all just place your bags and such in the bed of the truck. I have a cover, so they won’t go flying out.”

“Oh, thank god,” Eddie breathed, actually believing for a moment that Mike was going to risk that.

The group proceeded to collectively walk around to the back, tossing their stuff in (save for the few things they were going to keep with them in the truck) and then making their way back around front.

With Mike in the driver’s seat, Bev in the middle, Ben in the passenger, and Bill, Stan, Eddie, and Richie in the back (with Bill in the middle), the Loser’s Club of Derry were on their way; on a trip that would surely contain a lifetime of lasting memories.

“Would you please stop trying to braid my hair?”

“Fuck no,” Richie hummed, reaching back up towards Eddie’s hair and not even flinching when the other smacked his hands away. “My snapchat story needs *something*, and this is it, ‘dahling’.”

Eddie huffed, ignoring the fact his face grew warm at that. He was beginning to regret his earlier volunteering.

Currently, Richie was sprawled out in the back, sitting mainly on Eddie’s lap with his back to the window. His legs rested across Bill’s lap with his feet near Stan, who was less than pleased.

Up front, Bev had taken full control of the aux cord, blasting ‘Kids in America’ as they went 75 down the highway. Ben had even rolled down the window for her, knowing she liked the aesthetic of it all.

Mike made sure to keep diligent watch for any cops. His windows were tinted enough that Richie’s choice of seating wouldn’t be too noticeable, but you could never be too careful nowadays, especially with how reckless people drove.

“Smile~” Richie suddenly chimed over the loud music, pointing his phone camera at Eddie.

“Richie, if you don’t get that fucking thing out of my face, I’m chucking it out the window.”

“I’d prefer a pose, but-” Richie jumped as Bill snatched his phone out of his hands. “*Hey,* fuck you, give it back!”

“No, I’m confiscating it for a w-while,” Bill said.

“Yeah, okay, *dad*, you had your fun, now hand it the fuck over-”

“No.” Bill pocketed it.

“*Hunty,* ” Richie deadpanned. “That was fucking *rude*.”

“Not as rude as you shoving your camera in my fucking face,” Eddie grumbled, earning a middle finger from Richie, who kissed it for emphasis.

Eddie went to break it, which caused the two to break out into a petty slap fight.

“Okay, enough,” Bev snorted from the front after a moment. “I *can't* go this entire trip listening to so much bullshit.”

“Then why do you have the aux cord?” Richie said, unable to keep his mouth shut.

Bev craned her neck just enough to give him a death glare.

Richie looked away.

After that, silence once more fell over the group, save for the music blaring from the speakers and Richie's unsuccessful attempts here and there to get his cell phone back.

Ben was the one who eventually broke said silence.

"Hey, uh, did we ever really decide on a place?" he asked, turning the radio down, much to Bev's chagrin. "I mean, we didn't do much research before we left and we're just kind-of driving south at this point."

"Oh." Mike snorted. "Shit, he's right."

Stan spoke up next. "Maybe we could go the old cliché route and head towards California or Florida?"

"Or why not both?" Bev suggested. "Go all out."

"Okay, it's a good start," Ben began, clearing his throat. "But I was hoping for something more specific."

"Disneyworld," Richie blurted. "I want to achieve my lifelong dream of sneaking off the cart in the *Haunted Mansion* ride and becoming part of the attraction."

"If it means you'll stay there, then sure, I'm down for it," Stan said without missing a beat.

Richie blew him a kiss.

"I'd personally like to go to Harry Potter world," Eddie said with a shrug.

"YES," Bev shouted from sheer excitement at the idea.

Bill leaned forward, resting his arms on Richie's legs. "Okay, but w-with what m-money? I know we all agreed to ch-ch-chip in here and th-there, but expensive amusement p-parks-?"

"Not to worry, good fellows!" Richie exclaimed in his signature nobleman accent. "I have stolen me pater's debit card for emergencies such as these!" As if asked to prove it, he whipped out

the Visa card his father usually kept in his wallet.

“Holy shit,” Eddie blurted, stunned. “Won’t you get murdered?! Do you even know the pin?!”

“I don’t need the pin if I just run it as credit,” the boy on his lap chimed. “Besides, he only ever spends this on booze. I wouldn’t want all the good money in there to go to waste!”

Beverly was cackling in the front seat.

Mike didn’t know what to say to that.

“...I mean,” Stan spoke up, shocking everyone. “If you don’t mind getting your ass kicked by your dad when you get home, assuming he doesn’t have the brains to cancel it...” He trailed off, hoping the others got the point.

Richie grinned at him, his glasses sliding down his nose. “I don’t mind one bit, my dear friend.”

“I say fuck it, then,” Bev grinned. “Senior Year is around the corner. Why not go all out with this trip, right?”

Ben’s morals were suddenly at war with each other.

Bill sat up straighter, glancing over at Richie with a small smile. “U-usually I-I’m not one to go w-with this kind of stuff… but y-your dad’s a real a-asshole so-”

Richie laughed and leaned forward, hugging Bill as he raised his dad’s debit card into the air.

“TOWARDS ADVENTURE, THEN, GOOD FELLOWS! PULL THE HATCH FORWARD! WE SAIL TOWARDS SMOOTHER SEAS, MEN.”

The others cheered as Mike sped down the highway, feeling on top of the world, even if it was just for a moment.

Hopefully, they didn't end up regretting their little trip in the long run, but, seeing as how things were going okay so far-

They probably wouldn't.

"Stan has to pay for his own tickets."

"Oh, *fuck you Tozier.*"

"Ask nicely and maybe I'll think about it."

Author's Note:

The real fun begins next chapter.

Until then~